

REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, January 4. 1709.

They say I us'd to divert you; but the ill-natur'd People of the Age say, I have now left it off; the contentious Part of the publick Disputes has cloy'd the merry Part of Mankind, and they that enquire not into Unions, War, Peace, Parliaments, and publick Matters, begin to want something to be pleasant with. To gratifie these honest People, whose Fancy may want exercise this idle Time, behold a second *Enigma* or Riddle, or whatever you please to call it, shall be the Subject of this Paper.

But before we come to the Thing, I must take up a little of your Time in

Preliminaries, to avoid the same impertinent Cavils and Dissatisfactions, which appear'd in claiming the last.

If the Critical, Fault-finding, Learned-Ignorant Man of Reading without Letters, and Languages without Stile, that lately liv'd *no-where*, and now lives *some where*, tho' in a Place worse than *no-where*, whose Misfortunes protect him from being made publick, and yet his Impertinence prevents his being kept private; who is so *low*, a Man cannot in Pity *maul him*; and yet so *haughty*, a Man cannot in Reason *spare him*. If this Gentleman in his abundant

abundant Sence of polite Learning will not have this be call'd an *Enigma*, because it *wants something*, nor a Riddle, because it may have *something too much*; If he won't have it be guess'd at, because it can signify nothing at all, and yet immediately guess'd himself at two or three Things, which he says, it may signify——If he will have it signify a Sir R... because he smelt a Sunk when he wrote, *as most Men do, always when they sit near him*: let this worthy Gentleman understand, he shall have Liberty to call my Riddle what he will, and to dignifie and distinguish it as he pleases, and to set it upon the West End of St. Pauls, which is not a Mile from his Residence, when he pleases: So we will not dispute with any Body what to call it.

In the next Place it may be expected, that some of those Ill-natur'd Gentlemen, that prejudic'd at the Author of this Work, are so consequently at the Work it self, will come with their old malicious Jest, that the Reward proposed is a Prize and no Prize, and that the Offer is not worth the Guess: To these, the Answer will be very short; 'Tis but letting the RIDDLE alone, and they certainly let the PRIZE alone; and so let the Value be less or more, they are just where they were before, and as the Shop-keepers say, *There is no Harm done.*

As to Honest Tom Marlin-spike, Citizen, and Merchant-Sailor of Wapping, Great Grandson to old TARPAILIN, the Son of NEPTUNE, the first that gave many a shrewd Guess at my last RIDDLE; I have such a Kindness for him, upon Account of his old merry Turns he gave, to steer into the Barr'd Port, and come to an

Anchor in the middle of my last *ENIGMA*, that upon the Honest Word of an Author, (if he happens to be the Man) he shall have the Prize doubled to him; and therefore he may steer *studdy studdy*, hoist his Top-Gallant Sails, and make the best of his way.

To all the rest of the Ingenious, who are pleas'd to think of this little Piece of Puzzle, I have only this small Reward to offer: The fifth Volume of *Reviews* is just finish'd, and whoever guesses first, the Meaning of the *Enigma*, shall have a Present from the Author of Two of these fifth Volumes in Sheets, which are never sold under 20 s. and tho' the Prize is a Book lower than it was last Year, you are to consider, your humble Servant is not a Jot richer than he was before; and the World grows harder and harder, and so perhaps he can't afford it——But, which is a better Reason still, perhaps he may give you another Riddle; and you know, the more *Prizes the more Sports.*

That there may be no Dispute about the Booty, tho' small, or about the Justice of the Pretence to it, the Author has written the true Meaning of the Riddle, in a Piece of Paper, read up and left with Mr. Matthews, the Printer hereof, which he is not to open till that Day fourteen Days after the publishing this *Review*; that all those Gentlemen in the Country, where this Paper may be seen, who may be dispos'd to give their Opinions, may have Time to send them by the Post; tho' by the way, we hope, they will be pleas'd to pay the Postage, which some were so unkind to forget last Year——And thus, without any more Preliminaries, we proceed to the Riddle it self.

Æ N I G M A.

OF Figure Perfect, Beauties is my Face;
 Of Human Birth, yet not of Human Race:
 From Nature's Bowels I by force am rent,
 And to the General Good of all the Female World am sent.
 Humble, I to the meanest Wants submit;
 Yet proudly in Imperial Closets sit.
 Pleas'd to do Good, I chuse the homely Cell;
 And yet I'm courted, and with Princes dwell.
 In Five Distempers I'm a certain Cure,
 A true Specifick; for I'm safe and sure.
 I give you Vent in Grief, and Ease in Pain;
 And very rarely am apply'd in Vain.
 Nature her self's a Debtor to my Care,
 That such Reliefs in her Distress prepare.
 Upon the Sexes Weaknesses I wait,
 And am their ready help in many a strait;
 No Virgin is so Modest or so Coy,
 But runs to my Embrace, and covets to Enjoy:
 And tho' the Sex sometimes are apt to flout me,
 The chasteft Bride scarce goes to Bed without me.

I'm neither Purgative or Dieuretick,
 Nor rul'd by Planets, or by Skill Prophetick;
 Yet as Preventive-Physick I'm apply'd:
 Thousands for want of wanting me have dy'd.
 In Stone and Strangury I'm sometime us'd,
 Sometimes in Vicious Cases I'm abus'd:
 In various Inflammations I give Ease,
 Abate Extensions, struggling Winds appease;
 And am the last Resource in many a foul Disease.

Phlegms, Colicks, Diabetes, Tympany,
 And Petrifying Sands relax with me.
 My wondrous Liquids, inwardly apply'd,
 Cast Devils Out, that Human Arts deride;
 And double but the Quantity again,
 For One ill Spirit they're possess'd with Ten.

But